

MRS. NAGG AND MR.

By Roy L. McCardell.

She Has a Terrible Cold, but Much He Cares!

DON'T see why you bring me home a whole lot of horrid medicine, Mr. Nagg. This cold is bad enough, but if I took all the stuff you bring to me I would die. I know you wouldn't care if I did die!

It's no use taking anything. I've tried poultices and hot foot-baths and mental science and everything, but it does no good.

My poor papa never would take anything for colds but rock and rye, and he never had a cold in his life. Because, as he said, a pint of prevention was worth an ounce of cure—which was just one of his jokes; but one thing he did say, and that was that the doctors advised him to keep his throat constantly moist, and he always did so. So, there, you see!

You must have brought the germ of this cold home in your clothes, because I know such things can be done; for after the Gibbys had the scarlet fever they burned all the old carpets in the house because Mrs. Gibby couldn't bring herself to burn her new ones.

No, come to think of it, she didn't burn them—but it's all the same, and that's the best thing to do.

I only know that I did not get this cold myself, because, as you know well, I never get anywhere, so how could I catch cold?

Anyway, everybody has a cold these days. You have one yourself, and if you would only stop complaining and thinking about it you'd get well.

I never think about mine, or rather, I never would think about it, only I have nothing else to think about, because I sit at home all the time neglected and you never think to ask me how I am or bring me anything for it except more horrid medicine and some fruit.

You feel sorry for me? Oh, I dare say you do feel sorry, and I suppose I should feel grateful, but I only know that my cough keeps me awake all night, while you can sleep just as sound as you ever did, because your cold is only in your bones.

There's nothing worse than a cough, and sometimes children have coughs and bark just like dogs, and people get scared listening to them and think they have hydrophobia—which reminds me of a terrible case Brother Willie was telling me about one of his friends who got hydrophobia.

It was one of the bright young society men who belong to the Jolly Fall-benders. I forget whether it was Robby the Toad or Sneeze the Fish—what queer names—but isn't that just like boys?

Oh, hydrophobia must be a terrible thing, for Brother Willie says this young man had it used to growl terribly if anybody suggested he drink water, and so at the Jolly Fall-benders' nobody would drink water for fear of offending him. And then he would bark just like a dog, and people who were afraid of burglars used to hire the young man with hydrophobia from the Jolly Fall-benders. Then they would tie him up at night, and the burglars would hear him barking when they came to break in and they would flee in terror.

But the night-work proved too much for the young man, and so the Jolly Fall-benders made up a collection for him to send him to some sanitarium or institution.

They did not contribute anything themselves, but they got their friends to give, and I donated that \$5 you gave me to pay the book-collector, because it was such a sad case.

Finally the young man was sent away by the authorities to some institution near Ossining-on-the-Hudson, and I asked Brother Willie how the young man was, and Brother Willie said he was all right now, as he was somewhere where the dogs wouldn't bite him.

But I don't believe you are listening to a word I am saying. Much you care if I have a cold!

THE GIBSON GIRL'S WAIL.

By Albert P. Terhune.

FLUFFY Gibson lassies,
Angular Gibson girls,
Gibsonettes fair with straight-from-hair
And Gibson maidens with curls—
Example where's wasted years
Acquiring a Gibsonesque nose—
With tear-ducts a-flowing sob, "Papa is gone!
And WHAT will become of the post?"

Gibson is going away,
Going to learn to paint,
Says he, "I can draw till my fingers
are raw,
But a painter is just what I ain't!
And just think of the houses and barns
A-waiting in vain to be painted,
And the henroops that stand all over
this land,
And"—At this point the Gibson
girls sobbed.

Gibson girls stand for a lot,
To the Gibson ideal they'll be true,
But when he returns and tells them he
years
To paint them—just see what they'll do!
For the girls who in rapture thrill
As his pencil their lineaments traces
Will kick like a steer in chagrin and
fear
When he starts in to daub up their
faces.

HAVE A LAUGH

Philadelphia Press Man.
McJagger—You look weary this morning, old man.
Thingumbob—Yes, I made a discovery last night that staggered me.
McJagger—Gracious! What was it?
Thingumbob—A quart bottle of ten-year-old that I don't know I had.

Chicago News Man.
"I am told that you called me a little blabbermouth, is that true?"
Believe me, my words were distorted. On the contrary, I said you were a busy little body."

Philadelphia Ledger Man.
Jockey—I once heard a man say that he would rather be an ex-convict than anything else he could think of.
Jockey—Not at all. The man was in the penitentiary at the time.
Mamma—Come now, Willie, you must have your peck washed.
Willie—Aw, say! Who invented neck-washing, anyhow?

Willie Warbler.

THE TAR.

THE BUTTER

NAVY BUTTER'S DYED BY TAR.

Geel! How mad the sailors are!
Some in a pugnacious fit,
May lick the tar right out of it.

THE CHAIN-LIGHTNING POET.

Another spot upon the sun
Astronomers detect.
Oh, can it be, the Black Hand gang
Has thither hotly trek'd?

The Rising Generation.

The Captain—Say, Willie, do fellow
wots to play opperatt? you is such a
rip-roarin'-nat'-en-alive terror da! be
se he won't mind takin' a handi-cap
an' lettin' you use dis axel

The Coach—Good work, Missus Mur-
phy! But you mustn't tackle so high!

The Man—What's that?
The Kid—I see would you mind run-
nin' a few times an' let me practise
tacklin' an' throwin' you?

"Why, what's the matter, my boy?"
"Sh-h! Not a darn t'ing, mister! But
de golis does love a football hero!"

The Chain-Lighting Poet.

THE NEW PLAY.

Joseph Cawthorn
Kept Out of
J. K. Emmet's Shoes

It is impossible to see "Fritz in Tammany Hall" without regretting the opportunity that has been missed. For several years the late J. K. Emmet's shoes have been waiting for some one to fill them. No one may ever be able to do that satisfactorily, but the attempt at least might have been made, by the launching of Mr. Joseph Cawthorn as a "star." Mr. Cawthorn could never be another Emmet, but he might have been a very fair imitation had Klaw & Erlanger and John J. McNally left Tammany Hall to the politicians and put Fritz in the land of the yodel and cuckoo.

In the hodge-podge at the Herald Square Theatre Mr. Cawthorn is swamped in "popular songs" and a story that has no more form than the last girl in the last row of the chorus.

Mr. Jerome's Readings.

M R. JEROME K. JEROME offered eight or nine specimens of his mouse-colored humor at the Empire Theatre yesterday afternoon to an audience that tittered in places and dozed in others. The solemn blinking of this English funny man made him funnier than he sounded. He pursed his mouth into prim precision and began his stories with a sort of Mme. Yalo beauty talk that was a frank appeal to the feminine contingent, which made up the larger part of his audience. Then he twittered on about some sparrows—which made anything but "a bird of a story"—and after that he rung the changes on the man who drives a nail, and similar comicities that no longer throw Americans into

Simple Life in Iceland.

There are no manufactures in Iceland. Each home is a factory and every member of the family a hand.

Shoes are made from goatskins. The long stockings worn over these in wading through the snow are knitted by the women and children, and even the beautiful broadcloth comes smooth and perfect from the hand loom found in every house.

The sweet simplicity of the national costume does away with the necessity of fashion books. Young girls who are about to be married need take no thought as to "where-withal shall they be clothed." When they array themselves in the wedding garments of their ancestors, two or three generations remote, they are perfectly up to date in the matter of attire, says the Chicago Chronicle.

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Heart and Home Page for Women

TAMING OF HUSBANDS.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

NOW that the "Taming of the Shrew," according to the Shakespearean recipe, is being essayed nightly on the stage, New York husbands will find the usual outlet for their suppressed feelings in uproarious applause for the Tamed Shrew's proclamation that the husband is the wife's lord and governor and king. And after the play is over they will not meekly sit in the wake of their triumphant ladies, and the taming of husbands will be resumed.

There is a generally accepted idea that the Sphinx's riddle was a more Sunday supplement conundrum as to what it is that walks on four legs, two legs and three legs, the answer thereto being man.

But if the story-faced Egyptian had asked instead "Why are men afraid of their wives?" there might have been no Oedipus to solve the riddle. I scarcely know a husband that is not bullied and more or less mildly browbeaten by his wife. Of course, my observation extends only to the small conventional spots that the casual invader of matrimonial sanctums must witness unavoidably.

But did you ever know a chance issue of a woman's age, or a play's merit or a clergyman's value to arise between husband and wife that the former, though you knew him to be absolutely in the right and though he had been appealed to by the lady, did not subside meekly into silence after a few feeble half-hearted protests, and the latter glare triumphantly around, remarking with a terrible emphasis: "Don't let me about that! I know!"

How often we see a great big bully of a man married to come tiny, clinging, dependent little creature. And how we pity her till some revealing clash shows us how completely the former victim of his bullying is avenged and how thoroughly she does so to it? Heaven knows! I wish I did.

It may be through the immaculate harp of science and the feminine love for them.

No woman is ever more completely happy than when she is telling her husband with hysterical fervor that she has sacrificed the best years of her life to him, even though they have only been married six months. The tyranny of tears is as nothing to the slave-driving power of hysteria—which it seems to me is the compelling force in the taming of husbands.

JUST HOW YOU SHOULD DRINK YOUR CUP OF TEA.

It is astonishing how few women really know how to make tea. Their number, indeed, is no larger than that of those who can boil a potato properly. And just as few, even when it has been properly brewed, know how to serve it so that it will really give the cheer it has come to symbolize.

Good tea in moderate quantities is the working woman's best friend. It quiets the nerves worn out by a long day's work, and soothes and refreshes the tired brain.

By many women it is regarded merely as the more or less palatable excuse for an afternoon hour of chatter and gossip. But the tired girl who has possibly clung to a strap all the way from the downtown district to the Bronx can take nothing that will so revive and animate her as a well-brewed cup of tea. Not with her dinner as she may be accustomed to taking it, but within three minutes after she has reached home, and before she begins to "uprise up" for the evening meal. Tea must be made

with fresh water that has just reached the boiling point. The contents of the kettle that has sat on the stove all day, boiling at fitful intervals will not do. If it boils twice, the tea will have a flat taste. There should be a teaspoonful of

tea allowed for each cup, and one for the tea pot and the water that has just reached boiling should be poured over then, not on the stove or the alcohol lamp, where it will continue boiling, but on a side table. Tea is rank and poisonous the moment it boils. A great many people drink it this way, to be sure, but pure alcohol would do them scarcely more harm. Tea with lemon is more wholesome than tea with cream. Many doctors consider the latter mixture very indigestible.

"Her hands look like pigeon wings hovering over a cup of tea," said an English statesman, speaking of a beautiful society woman serving tea. "and it is the way a woman's hands should look—white, delicate, fluttering and seductive."

If you make a cup of tea for a guest, let it be always a moment never to be forgotten. Make the cup as though you had been wishing for a chance for weeks, and serve it as though it were the supreme moment of your life.

The cardinal principle in tea making is to be at your ease. If you do not enjoy yourself you may be sure there will be little enjoyment for your guests.

Betty's Balm for Lovers.

All perplexed young people can obtain expert advice on their tangled love affairs by writing Betty. Letters for her should be addressed to BETTY, Post-Office box 1,854, New York.

She Wants a Divorce.

Dear Betty:
I am twenty-nine years old. I was married six years ago. I have one child five years old. My husband left me nearly four years ago without any reason, as far as I know. I have never heard from him. Now I have had an offer of marriage and a good home. Is there any way by which I can get a divorce? I am depending now on the charity of relatives.

M. R.
You can secure a legal separation at any time. The only way you could secure a divorce would be by living in New Jersey for two years, where divorces are granted for abandonment.

Gave Up His Job for Her.

Dear Betty:
I am a young man, aged twenty-three, and have been keeping company with a young girl for the past four years. Now I have been away from this country for sixteen months and had an excellent position in my father's place in Europe. Being over there I was not able to forget her and I said her in a letter it was my intention to marry me if I came back. She answered she would be only too glad to become my wife. I gave up my good position for her sake and, coming over, found out that she had changed a lot. We had different quarrels but she always made up again. Now she tells me she doesn't want to speak any more and won't have anything to do with me, but refused to give any explanation.

ALEXANDER.
Let the young woman severely alone. A good, strong dose of indifference and neglect is what she needs.

THE HOUSEKEEPERS' EXCHANGE.

Kaffee-Kuchen.

ONE pint of bread sponge; one tablespoonful of molasses; one teaspoonful of sugar; one teaspoonful of soda; one-half teaspoonful of seeded raisins; one-half teaspoonful of soda; one egg; butter the size of an egg. Spice to suit the taste. Flour to make as stiff as pound cake. Mix with spoon, let rise until light, and bake as bread.

German Love Knots.

ONE cupful each of egg and rich, sweet cream. Beat the eggs well, add the cream and pour on the flour, working as stiff as you can roll into a ball.

Jenny Lind Cake.

REAM two cups of sugar and half a cup of butter. Add a cup of sweet milk and two eggs. Beat in three cups of flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

MAY MANGON'S DAILY FASHIONS.

Fancy Blouse, Solero Effect—Pattern No. 5,177.

as well as to the silk and wool materials white again such light-weight wools as batiste and challie are being made in lingerie style. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 3 3/4 yards 27, or 1 7/8 yards 41 inches wide, with 4 3/4 yards of insertion and 4 1/4 yards of edging to trim as illustrated.

Pattern No. 5,177 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust.

How to Obtain These Patterns

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANGON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.